

note." The grammatical error in the first sentence is lamentable, as coming from students engaged at Adelaide's highest seat of learning, and it gives one the impression that the programme on this occasion was prepared by the "plucked" brigade, who must be more diligent in their studies if they are to eventually enjoy a closer touch with the Chancellor than that permitted by a back-of-the-hall interjection. The introductory notes of the students were as follows:—

The married members of the Council and Senate are requested to refrain from their usual custom of winking and waving at the lady undergrads.

Please observe the Notice "Do Not Spit," otherwise you cannot Expect-(t)o-rate as a true citizen.

Carriages and Horses may be ordered for 4.30 p.m.

The audience are requested to keep their seats (not the chairs) until the undergraduates (including the students' choir) have left the Younger Hall.

Block "A" is reserved for spinsters only.

If sufficient inducement offers a Cookery Class (the only subject at present not taught at the Varsity) will be formed. Please give in your names to the Registrar (or Advertiser).

Owing to a "fit of the blues" the Chanticleer regrets that he is unable to sing "Sammy, my old pal Sam." He will, however, give a reading from "The Only Way."

At 2 p.m. the doors will be opened to admit—fresh air and a motley assemblage of cousins, aunts, inns-in-law, microbes, spicers, deadheads, and wallflowers.

The members of the Council and Senate and other shady characters will leave the Asylum (by kind permission of Dr. Cleland) at 1 p.m. After partaking of refreshments at Carr & Nelson's, they will proceed to the Big Store (where your money goes quickest) where they will obtain their hoods and gowns at special reductions.

Sir George—the Chase—will preside.

The Hall will be choked at intervals by the "Wise" Patent Fumigator. Any complaints must be made through the Daily Press.

No admittance to any one without wit or beauty to recommend them. Register Reporter especially take note.

The students' efforts in versifying were:—

—The Chancellor (Air, "Yap Yap").—
We're Varsity students all,
Sir Samuel is our father,
We throng the Elder Hall,
And don't we love him, rather;
He's bald, he's small,
But don't he love us all (three times)
With a yap, yap, yap, tra-la-la-la-la
For he's our Chancellor.

—The Registrar (Oh! Mr. Registrar).—
Oh! Mr. Registrar, what a very remarkable man you are,
Where'er the Council go too far,
You always stick up for us—
Discipline Boards we know there are,
To come before them we always bar—
So Mr. Registrar, don't let them make a fuss.

—The Procession (Fancy Dress).—
We'd a passion for fancy dress,
More or less, more or less,
So we thought that it would be best
To hold a great big Procession;
There were Bobbies and Clowns and Caris,
Big Pie Caris, Big Pie Caris,
That lovely band it charmed all hearts,
And should have had a collection,
Only tells us, tell us pray,
Did you see the fun to-day?
It would really do you good
To see our Ad. for Mellin's Food,
That operation table, too,
Was waited on by such a crew,
And if your keen to save your lives,
You'd best avoid those fearful knives.

—Back, Gull, A.R.O.M., X.Y.Z., A.B.C. (Mozart Fugue in B).—

When we're listening to the lectures
Of the learned in the law,
We are often interrupted
By queer strains conservatoire,
Their scales and fluty noises
Always makes us feel quite glad,
For we cannot hear the lectures,
And it makes Prof. Salmoud mad,
Of course we love the students,
The authors of those strains,
And wish for their acquaintance,
No matter what the pains,
They always smile at us
When passing by that way,
And we like those pretty maidens
Who always look so gay,
But some one they call Gooli,
Came across from o'er the way,
And we met before the Faculty,
Who had something to say,
And no more we smile at students,
But must look the other way,
And we listen to their noises
With sheer patience since that day.

—The Premier (Ta Ra Ra).—
Tommy Price, what do you here?
You and Mr. Coneybeer,
You have reached the topmost Peak—
Household suffrage you may seek.

At Lobethal your clothes they make—
We think that story is a fake—
For S.A. Tweeds and Tailors, too,
Would have those Prices up for you.

We hope your reign will not be long!
But naps and short, like this our song,
And now we must greet Sammy Way,
So Tommy Price to you, good day.

—Orchid (Dirty Work).—
This is the day of our Commemoration,
Which we must try and do our best to celebrate;
We are dissolving into perspiration,
While Sammy doffs his hat and then congratulates.
He is mighty dew you know:
P'raps he'll sing a song or so—
Just to make a diversity.
You must then allowance make
For the liberties he takes
With students of the Varsity.

To-day—we do that noisy work,
We hardly ever work throughout the dreary year,
Just pay your fees—you can pass whenever you please,
Of exams you needn't have a care.
Sam thinks he's Red Riding Hood,
Impersonating impudence and dignity
He'll make you tize with his "privilege and rank"
"By virtue of seniority."

—The University of Adelaide.—
She raised her eyes of heavenly blue,
And said "You suit my dad'll aid,
If you can manage to get through
Th' examinations at the U
Niversity of Adelaide.

Ten, twenty, thirty summers—flew
My mental eggs were addle laid,
Ten times in spite of all my Stu-
Dious care they plucked me at the U
Niversity of Adelaide.

On the wrong horse's back—as usual,
Silly folk the saddle laid,
The lectures and comediums—cru-
el capped my vitals at the U
Niversity of Adelaide.

Her stockings, not her eyes, are blue,
Her bust no stays or pad'll aid,
Her years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U
Niversity of Adelaide.

So fed on nought but water gru-
el, perhaps my let so sad you'll aid,
I'm living at the Destitu-
te Asylum having dropped the U
Niversity of Adelaide.

The presentation of the various candidates for honours was made with musical accompaniments on the part of the students. The words of their ditties were:—

—Law Candidates.—

—Campbell, J. W., B.A., LL.B. (Air—Fol do lol).—
I am Way Campbell your see,
N.B. my B.A., LL.B.
I never did shirk
Prof. Salmoud's dry work,
And kept up my spirits on tea.

—Colville, A. L., LL.B. (Jingle Bells).—
What has happened now?
Colville through at last!
O we wonder how
Ever he was passed,
How smart will be his looks,
In curly wig and gown,
And won't he try to quote his books
To take the Judges down,
Johnny Colville, Johnny Colville, you're a sight
to see,
O what fun it is indeed to collar a Degree,
Johnny Colville, Johnny Colville, Salmoud let you
through,
O how I wish that he would have
Mercy on me, too.

—Hargrave, Nathaniel, LL.B. (Little Mary).—
Natty, Natty, Dainty little Natty,
We hear your smile is like a Cheeshire Catty,
You can row or cox a crew,
But your wins are very few,
Natty, dainty little Natty.

—Latty, C. P., LL.B. (Ta Ra Ra).—
Mr. Latty now we see,
Fond of Football and of Tea,
We're afraid from what we're told,
That the Tea is sometimes cold, Ta Ra Ra.

—Martin, J. C., LL.B. (Little Mary).—
Martin, Martin, Dainty Mr. Martin,
Your hood and gown you look so very smart in;
They said everything you wore
Came straight down from the Big Store—
What an ad. for Johnny Martin.

—Smith, J., LL.B. (Genevieve).
I'm Jimmy Smith, of Glee Club lore,
And in debate I never bore,
They chappies with that fund of law,
Of which Dude thinks he has a store.

—Williams, Frank Laurie, LL.B. (Air, Bluebell).—
Goodby, Dude Williams,
Farewell to you;
One last look at those ties,
And waistcoats, too,
Who is your tailor, Dude?
Who plans those suits?
Who created those trousers?
And who made those boots?

—Bray, Marmion Matthews. (Air—A roving).—
Oh, have you heard our Donkey Bray?
A hoister voice has he,
He lays from dark till dawn of day,
Does this young fellow, Donkey Bray,
And in the Courts he'll have his say,
You bet a quid,
The High Court, the Low Court
Will cherish all he said and taught,
And bear in mind his every thought,
And all he did.

—Medicine.—
Well man, sick man, doid man, stiff!
Cut 'em up, chop 'em up—what's the diff?
Humorous, tumorous, blood and gore,
Adelaide medicals for ev'ningure!

—The Fifth Year Medical. (Clementine.)
On the platform, before Sammy, medicals they
number eight,
What is finer or diviner than hear him con-
gratulate?

—Gloria.
Oh, for stowing, Oh, for stowing, at—such as
hygiene,
It is past and gone for—ever, dreadful sorrow—
No I ween.

—Russell, H. H. E., M.D. (John Brown's
Body).—
Doctor, Doctor Russell, you are now a great
M.D.,
Doctor, Doctor Russell, you can double now your
fee;
Oh, we wonder, wonder now, whatever it will
be,

It was enough before,
We think we'd make a calculation
Before you did an operation;
M.D.'s fees cause perturbation,
And overhaits galore!

—Burnard, Dulalie Hardy Hanton (John Brown's
Body).—
Lullie, Lullie, Lullie, she is always in the know;
Lullie, Lullie, Lullie, she has finished now, and so
Lullie, Lullie, Lullie, to the Hospital will go
And kill some patient there.

—Chorus.
Glory, glory to her station,
An M.B. does an operation:
Then 'mid tears of lamentation
A soul goes marching on.

—Brady, A. E. (Air, Mah Butterfly).—
Our Brady's an M.B.—Brady's got his degree,
How he did it is a wonder, passing strange to me,
Cycling no more he'll try, he is not getting shy;
Girls and tennis catch his eye—with afternoon tea.

—Curtis, A. (Miller's Daughter).—
Now give a cheer for Schnapper,
Who came from Sydney Town,
At cricket and at tennis
He's won no slight renown;
And now that he's a doctor,
Just take this offhand tip,
Next year of all Australia
He'll win the championship.

—Dawson, Dean (Ta Ra Ra).—
Dean Dawson what do you here,
'Tis no place for a Dean we fear,
You should rightly be in Church—
Not leave your dear flock in the lurch.
Ta Ra Ra.

You second name gives you a right
To stay out very late at night:
For Dawson's whisky, so they say,
Affects most people in that way.
Ta Ra Ra, &c.

—McAree, J. V., M.B., B.S. (Genevieve).—
Here's Victor Mac, how proud he'll feel,
With rosy hood and flowing robe,
He'll do his best the sick to heal,
For he's as patient as old Job.

—Russell, Walter, M.B., B.S. (Genevieve).—
I'm Gallagher, of running fame,
I've gained the right to have my name
Put on a shiny, shiny plate,
And hurry sick men to their fate.

At racing pros I made some brass,
I pulled their legs and played the ast,
Like Dean, I've finished my last course,
Of stowing, footer, and lacrosse.

—Brummitt, R., M.B., B.S. (My Bonnie is over
the ocean).—
Our Bobby has just been promoted,
Our Bobby is now an M.B.,
For work and for wisdom he's not a—
Let's hope he will go for a spree.

—Chorus.
Come back! come back!
O come back my Bobbie to me.
Come back! come back!
Come back from your glorious spree.
—Elder Prizeman.—

—Jona, J. L. (Air—Speak and tell me plainly).—
Speak and tell us plainly,
Let the truth be known;
Did you really spend three days
Down among the watery waves?
Or is it a story and a fairy tale—
For we really can't believe
You lived inside a whale.

—Dr. Davies Thomas Scholars.—

—Parkhouse, D. (Old Hundredth).—
Here comes one of our brightest boys,
Now, Parkhouse, don't you make a noise,
This fiver now you really must
Spend on some beer while on the bust.

—Verco, John. (Old Hundredth).—
Here comes John Verco for a prize—
Oh how the crowd do ope their eyes!
His curly locks in ripples flow;
He emulates his "Uncle Joe."

—William Ray. (Old Hundredth).—
However could you, William Ray,
Take golden sovereigns away?
To the poor Council what a blow,
For their finances are so low,
Did you not in the papers see
They badly want a subsidy?
Price said "I will your coffers fill
When I am one of your Council." A-hominet,
—The Everard Scholar.—

—Hann, W. (Walk up, Mr. Pomroy).—
Walk up Mr. Hann, please; take your Everard,
After this no one can say you haven't grafted
hard;
Curtis wins at Tennis, Dawson at Football,
You did work for Ever 'ard, and beat those fel-
lows all.

—Arts.—
—West, E. A. (Mush Mash).—
My name now is Froggy—the Toller,
I work till I scarcely can see.